

## I Notified The Chasm Inspector

I notified the Chasm Inspector  
About a chasm I had come upon on  
My way home from my place of employment.

He was so pleased  
He rewarded me with  
A box of yodel spume and  
A ride on his sunset machine.

— Michael Silverton

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## To Be Seen By Silent Readers

No more writing tonight or wine.  
It is past midnight, I stretch back  
imagining paintings for our white ceiling.  
I sense a final good like skin,  
to give in to the room,  
to admit what I love.  
My husband who is always streaked with  
dripping paint now reads a book,  
the words of which I cannot hear,  
a kind of poetry to be seen by silent readers.  
In the space between the furniture and  
between us, a fundamental affair exists  
that is the living thing,  
that aches to be kept going  
as back and shoulders over a load of bricks  
keep moving toward completion of a wall  
and stirs in blood like flung mortar  
which is now crushed between the bricks.

— Bettyweiss Olsen

Midvale, Utah